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THE FATE OF THE JAMES GANG.

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH," is said and none know this better than the friends and acquaintances of the gang of plunderers known as the James boys and Youngers. To be sure it has taken a good deal of patience and many lives have been sacrificed, but in the end the majority of the men who for years lived in open defiance of the law have been made to feel its power and are now either dead or in the penitentiary.

Every man named in the following list was at one time a friend, abettor and associate of the James boys and known in connection with Missouri train and bank robberies.

Bud McDaniel was one of the gang who robbed the Kansas Pacific train at Muncie, seven miles from Kansas City. He was arrested on Main st., Kansas City and for safe keeping was taken to Lawrence, Kansas, where he broke jail. Being hunted to the woods he was at last shot by a German farmer and died in the Lawrence jail.

Thompson McDaniel was also a Muncie train robber, with his brother. He assisted in the robbery of the Huntington, W. Va., bank and was shot and killed while fleeing from the officers.

Cole, Jim and Bob Younger were in numerous train robberies and at Northfield, Minn., were captured and are now serving life sentences in the Stillwater penitentiary.

Chas. Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller went from Missouri after the Ottumwa train robbery, on the Missouri Pacific, and were killed at the time of the Northfield bank robbery.

Hobbs Kerry was one of the "greenhorns" engaged in the Ottumwa train robbery on the Missouri Pacific road in 1876. He was sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

Clarence Hite, a cousin of Jesse James, was both at the Winston and Blue Cut robberies. He was betrayed by Bob Ford, arrested in Tennessee, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-five years.

Wood Hite was at the Glendale, Winston and Blue Cut robberies, and at Glendale was the mysterious "Bob" at that time going under the name of Robert Grimes. After Blue Cut he fled to Kentucky, killed an officer and returned to Ray county, Mo., where in turn he was killed by Bob Ford and Dick Liddell.

Ed. Miller, whose brother was killed at Northfield, joined Jesse James in 1877. He was at the first Glendale robbery and in the spring of 1881 was murdered by Jesse James while asleep.

Bill Ryan was arrested in Tennessee and brought back to Jackson county and tried for robbing the Chicago & Alton train at Glendale and is now serving a twenty-five years' sentence.

Tucker Basham was also a Glendale train robber, but was pardoned that his testimony might be used to convict Ryan. He is supposed to have been killed near Great Bend, Kas., by a member of Jesse James' gang before the latter's death.

Dick Liddell was raised in Jackson county and joined Jesse James in 1877. He took part in the three following train robberies and at Winston with Clarence Hite, crawled out upon the engine and fired some shots into the cab. He surrendered to Sheriff Timberlake in January, 1882 and his subsequent history is familiar to all. He is now awaiting trial for the Muncie Shoals robbery at Huntsville, Ala.

Charles Ford made his debut as a train robber at Blue Cut and was present at St. Joseph when his brother shot and killed Jesse James.

Jack Keene was arrested for participating in the Huntington, W. Va., bank robbery when Thompson McDaniel was killed. He is only known by his alias, Jack Keene, and is serving a fourteen years' sentence.

George Shepherd was one of the gang who robbed the Russellville, Ky., bank in 1868 and being arrested served his sentence in State's prison. In 1879 he claimed to have shot Jesse James in the back of the head, but the story was false, as has been proven. Shepherd is now living in Kansas City.

Frank James, since the war, has been an able second to his brother Jesse, and in all the bank and train robberies, the two clung to each other. At Northfield, where Miller,

Pitts and Chadwell were killed and the three Youngers captured, Jesse and Frank only escaped, Frank being badly wounded. He was tied upon a horse by Jesse and for 400 miles the two were followed by detectives, but finally threw their pursuers off the trail. He is now in jail at Jefferson City, Mo.

Jim Cummings formerly lived in Clay county, but about 1870 began stealing horses, and then drifted into the James gang. He was at the first Glendale robbery, but not at Winston or Blue Cut.

Andy McGuire was arrested in Jackson county for participating in the Richmond bank robbery and taken to that point. One night a mob took him from the jail and hanged him to a tree.

Dick Burns was at the Richmond bank robbery and was killed about two miles from Independence while resisting arrest.

Ol Shepherd was with his brother at the time of the Russellville bank robbery. He fled to Missouri, and was killed near Lee's Summit by detectives.

Jack Bishop was one of the gang, and when he fled to Colorado he killed an officer, and is now a fugitive from justice.

Dora Fox was wanted for the Richmond robbery, and in trying to arrest him the officers killed his brother, who was also a member of the band.

Payne Jones was one of the terrors of Jackson county. Jim Crow Chiles had an idea that he was going to steal his horse and killed him.

Jim Crow Chiles had a dispute in the streets of Independence and was shot and killed by a young man with whose father he (Chiles) was arguing.

Arch Clements was one of Jesse James' intimate companions and Archie Samuels, killed the night a hand grenade was thrown into Mrs. Samuels' house by Pinkerton's detectives, was named for him. Clements was killed while fleeing from the Richmond bank robbery.

George Todd, one of Quantrell's most fearless and bloodthirsty men, was killed near Independence during Price's raid by federal soldiers.

Jim Anderson and Hodge Reynolds were chased from Clay county to Texas, and shot down like dogs by the officers of the Lone Star State.

Bill Anderson was at both the Liberty and Richmond robberies, and fled with Jesse James and Cole Younger to Howard county. He afterward returned to Ray county and was killed near Richmond.

Jim Inmann was as fearless and desperate a man as Quantrell. Had in his command. He escaped from Missouri with Frank James, Joe Younger and Quantrell, and was killed in Kentucky.

C. W. Quantrell, the noted guerilla, murderer and robber, started from the Blackwater on his raid into Kansas at the time Lawrence was sacked and over 100 citizens murdered. Frank James accompanied him, but Jesse did not join the gang until late in the fall of 1863. Quantrell was killed in Kentucky.

John Younger, the eldest of the famous brothers, was shot and killed by Capt. Lull of Pinkerton's agency. Lull in return was riddled with buckshot and afterwards died.

Last of all comes Jesse James, who for nearly twenty years terrorized this section of the continent, to be betrayed and finally killed by Robert Ford, a boy not yet of age. Jesse James made both Robert and Charlie Ford what they are, and for three years made their home his rendezvous.

A PROTECTION FROM FROSTS.—A cold snap usually comes in early autumn, after which there are weeks of the finest days in the year. It therefore pays to take some pains to protect the more tender plants during two or three or four frosty nights, that their bloom may be enjoyed afterwards. A light sheet, or even newspapers spread over beds of geraniums, coleus, etc., will save them. A group of canna may in this way be kept in its beauty, while, if left unprotected, the luxuriant growth is cut down by the frost and soon becomes unsightly. Any one who has gone to all the care and toil of bringing a fine bed of tender plants to perfection, should certainly use every precaution to preserve the plants as long as possible.

Farmer's boots, when damp, as they often will be in winter, and taken off at night, will often shrink in drying and be very stiff and difficult to put on in the morning. If the boots, when taken off, are filled with cats, this will prevent shrinking and they will dry in their proper shape.

WILLIAM AUSTIN EXPIATES HIS CRIME

After Making a Confession of His Cruel Murder.

And Exhorts Against Whisky-Drinking and Evil Companions.

The Gamest Man that Ever Met an Ignoble Death.

(From INTERIOR JOURNAL EXTRA of Friday evening, October 13, 1882.)

As some of our readers may not know or have forgotten the history of the case, we give the following summary of the crime.

On the afternoon of the 29th of last January, the citizens of Garrard—not yet recovered from the effects of the Wilmore tragedy of a few days before—were shocked to learn that Miss Betsy Bland, an old maid of 85 years, who lived with her brother, Joseph Bland, 1 1/2 miles from Lancaster, had been cruelly murdered in her own room. Mr. Bland had gone to town and William Austin, a grand-nephew of his and the murdered woman, had left as he did for Herring's distillery, where he remained till about 4 p. m. and until he had gotten outside of a quantity of the new liquor. This was the last seen of him till he met a party of men in the road near his aunt's house and informed them that some one had killed her. Loath to believe such a story, they were finally induced to go to the house, where they were horrified to see the old lady lying on the floor in a pool of her own blood, with several deep gashes from an ax on her head and face and another on the neck which severed the vertebra, any one of which would have been fatal. Without disturbing the body, which was still warm, the men hastened back to town and informed Sheriff J. M. Higginbotham and Marshal Singleton, who went at once to the scene. Suspicion had already been directed to Austin as the murderer, and when, on a little closer scrutiny, stains of blood were found on his pants and boots, he was immediately arrested, and during the Coroner's inquest, which was held that night by Squire Boyle, made several ineffectual attempts to escape. The inquest adjourned without a verdict at 10 o'clock, and Austin was taken to jail till the following morning, when it was resumed. Further examination of the body showed that the face bore numerous imprints of a boot heel, as if the wretch had stamped her as he lay in her death throes. Austin's boot heel not only had blood on it, but a number of gray hairs which compared exactly with the hair of the dead woman. The chain of circumstantial evidence was now so complete that the least idea that he was innocent was dispelled and he was taken back to jail, and bail of course refused. The excitement over the affair was at blood heat, and threats and loud roars were made of lynching the prisoner, but upon promise that the case should be tried at the court then about to convene, it was given up. Twice during the term was the case continued to give the defense further time, and finally Judge Owsley fixed a special term for the trial of the case, to begin February 13th. It was commenced that day and a jury obtained after 100 men had been examined. The evidence adduced at the inquest was strengthened and corroborated, and at 9 p. m. Friday night the jury returned a verdict of guilty and fixed Austin's punishment at death. With the indifference that had characterized him since the murder, he said with a smile: "Well, it's no use to cry over it. But I want every man on that jury to be at the hanging—I want to talk to him. The execution was fixed for April 18, but his attorneys filed some odd exceptions and took the case to the Court of Appeals. This stayed the execution and in June the County Judge fearing that effort would be made to release or mob Austin, he was ordered to be taken to Richmond for safe keeping. Hearing this, he borrowed a razor from a fellow prisoner and made an ineffectual attempt to kill himself, but it hurt so badly that he stopped after severing the outer jugular vein and he was taken up the same day, where he has been till Thursday last.

The Execution
LANCASTER, OCT. 13.—Three thousand people, embracing women and little children, were crowded here to get a glimpse of the legal neck breaking of William Austin for the murder of his grand aunt. The gallows is situated in the rear of the jail and as it stands higher than the plank fence that encloses it, all will be able to see. When we arrive a little before twelve, the word passes through the crowd that the condemned has made a confession to his spiritual advisers. Revs. R. R. Noel and J. R. Peoples. Showing our ticket we pass the line of heavily armed guards and are soon in the presence of the doomed man. He is standing at his cell door and extends his hand for a cordial shake. After a few irrelevant remarks, we ask him if he has made a confession. He says he has and will repeat it to every body from the scaffold after dinner. At the suggestion of some newspaper men he agrees to let it be taken down now. It is in his own words as follows:

This is my dying confession. I did murder my aunt Betsy Bland, on the 29th of last January. Whisky was the sole cause of it. I had nothing in the world against her; I had no motive in the world to kill her. I loved her like a mother. She has always been as a mother to me. I am 25 years old. I did not rob her or take any money or other things from her. When I got home from the still house I saw the ax at the wood pile and then the awful thought came over me to take it and kill my great aunt. I did take it and when I got into her room, she was sitting at the fire knitting. I first sat down near the fire and several minutes thereafter I arose with the ax and struck her with the sharp edge of it. This is all I recollect about the killing. I have no excuse on earth to offer for this fearful deed. I want my fate to be

Going Home at Last.
They were sitting in the waiting room of the depot together—the dapper little man who looked as though he might be a commercial traveler, and the great rough fellow, whose cowhide boots, shaggy garments and broad, brown Mexican hat, told that he was fresh from some semi-civilized region in the West. The Westerner sat looking out of the window upon the dreary confusion of tracks, switches, frogs and snorting freight engines. Just at this moment he seemed like a man without a friend in the world, and out of pure sympathy the commercial traveler attempted to strike up a conversation.

"Got long to wait?" he asked in a friendly tone.

"Bout an hour," was the short answer.

"Going far?"

"Nigh unto a hundred mile back into the kentry."

"Yes, where?"

"Stranger, I'm going home. Home."

"So! Been away long?"

"Bout ten years."

"Ten years, and now you are going home! Well, that's pleasant. I know I'm only away about a month at a time, yet when I come back I'm as happy as a gosling in a sun-shower. Fact, you wouldn't think I'm sentimental, yet when I'm on my way home the cars never seem to go fast enough, and I can't think of any thing but home, home, all the time I'm there. My, but I'd like to be in your shoes for a short time, just to feel how happy you must be. Folks all well, I suppose."

"Stranger, I'm going back to be at my mother's funeral; it's ten years, ten long, long years since I saw her last, and then I went away saying I never wanted to see her again. I did that to my mother. But I was not much more than a boy then, and I didn't know what I was doing. It was my mother, but I am not to be blamed too harshly. And after I went away I never sent a letter home—not one, but I always meant to. She used to write me such heart-breaking letters that I, great rough miner that I was, couldn't keep the tears back. You see I didn't write because I was always a-thinking that I would soon strike it rich, and then I would go home and just show the old folks what money and ease was, but—but stranger, I put it off too long; I was going home next week. I was going to surprise 'em, and I had enough money to make their old age comfortable, but stranger, she went home before I did."

And he wiped his horny, sun-browned hand across his eyes. There was silence for a few minutes then he continued:

"Don't think worse of me for that, stranger; I may be a man grown, but I can't keep tears out of my eyes; they will come. You see I was the youngest. I was the baby, her boy, she used to call me; and when I grew up I wanted to see the world, to see life, but she wanted me to stay at home, and I was hot-headed, and—I went away, but I always dreamed of coming back, and here, when I was ready, it was too late! Ah! stranger, I can't help it," and the returned miner bowed his head on his hands and was silent.

But the other said nothing. There was a lump in his throat prevented, and as he looked toward the window he made a pretense of wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, but it was only to conceal the moisture that came unbidden in his eyes.

If Mr. Folger is able to run for the coveted office with the heavy load of fraud which his friends have put on his shoulders, he is a stronger man than we think, or as some one says, "a locomotive in trousers." The religious papers are dissecting him, the moral sense of the community repudiates him and the chances are that he will go down "as though he were suddenly taken with a desire to see the roots of the grass."—[N. Y. Herald.]

Mrs. Lizzie Walley, convicted at Nashville and sentenced to a term of three years in the penitentiary for alleged co-habitation with Owen Prentiss, ex-city editor of the World, is said to be a niece of the distinguished Confederate Gen. Bragg. It is hinted that Prentiss will be released on bond and that the case against him will never come to a trial.

Young man, don't pay the minister over \$10. You need all your currency the first time Belshazz puts her dimpled arms around your neck and tries to trade off two kisses for a spring bonnet.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

When the Lover May Speak.
As a rule, a delicate woman does not think of a man as a lover, or even know whether she could care for him in that capacity or not, until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a long talk with him bore or delight him? Does she find herself talking to him freely, or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face all faces among," catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet weak; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come. So says a gushing exchange; but, as things go now-a-days, the young man may speak as soon as he likes, provided his addresses are backed by a handsome bank account, and the girl knows it to be so.

A Chicago paper reports that Gen. Phil Sheridan receives an average of 1,200 invitations a year to attend public gatherings as a lion, but never goes to any thing of the sort except army reunions, where he can have "a good time with the boys." This is shirking. If this country pays Phil a big salary to be an ornament and give tone to club and public dinners, why doesn't he do it?

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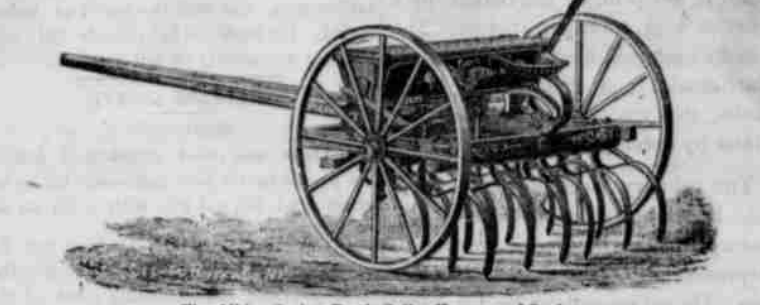
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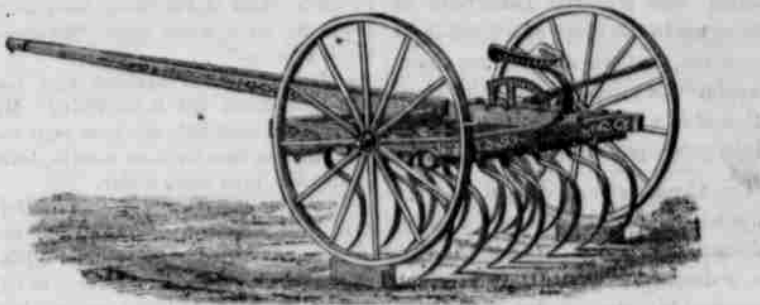
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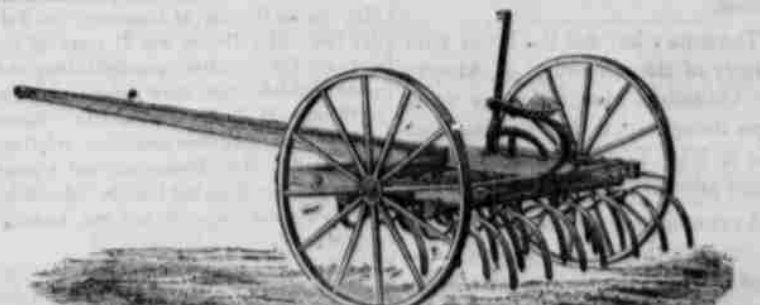
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